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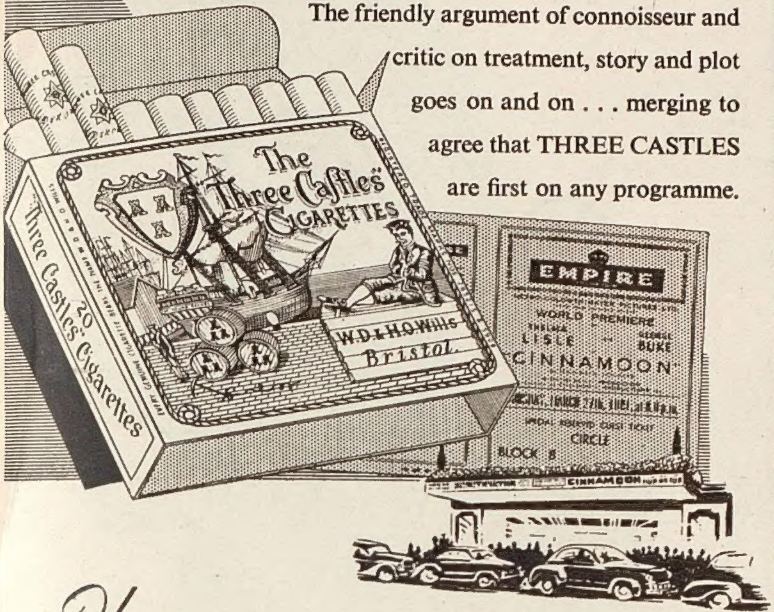

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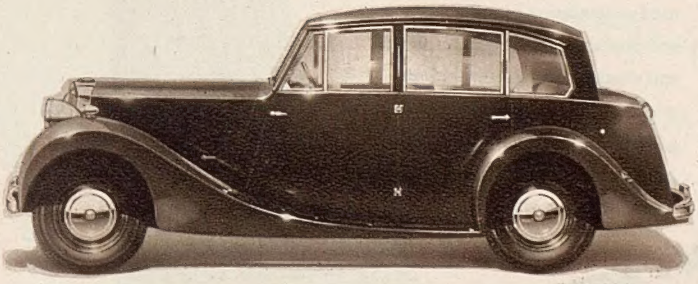

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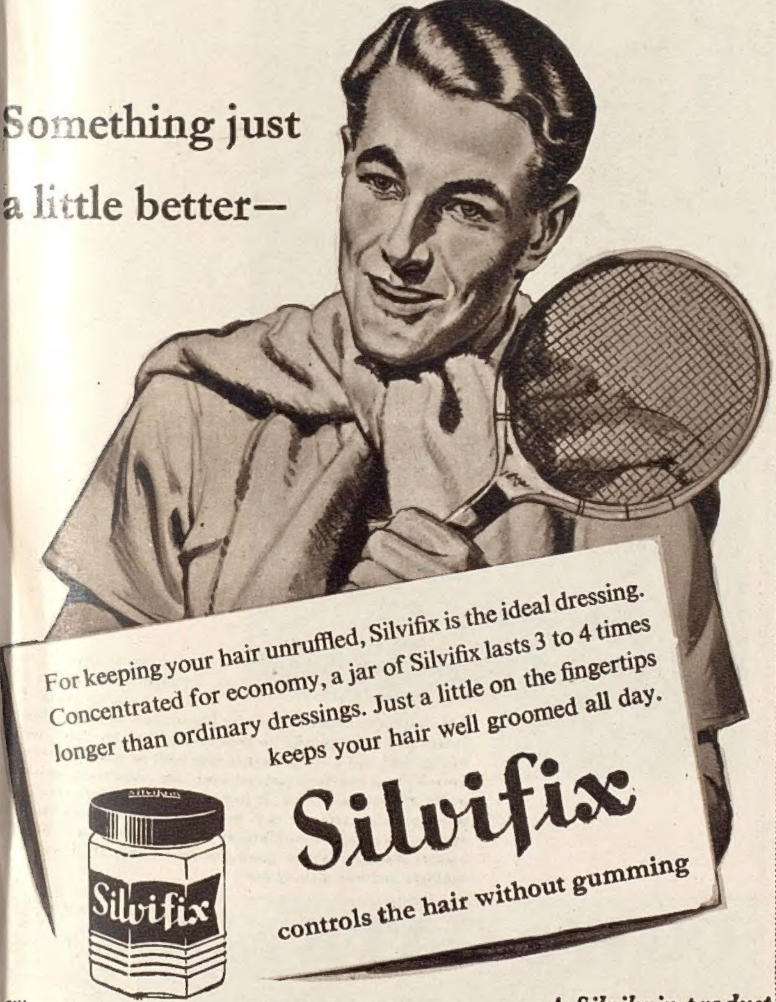

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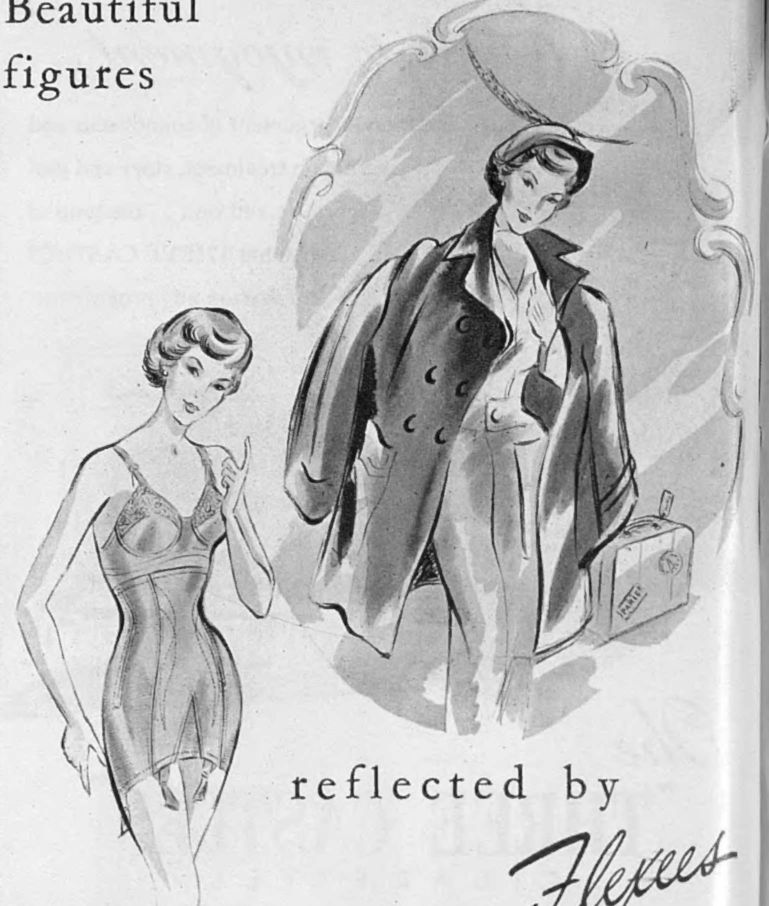

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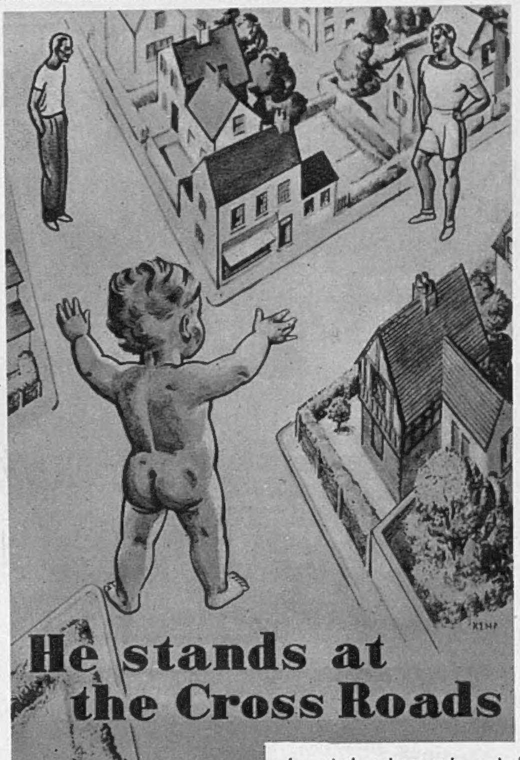

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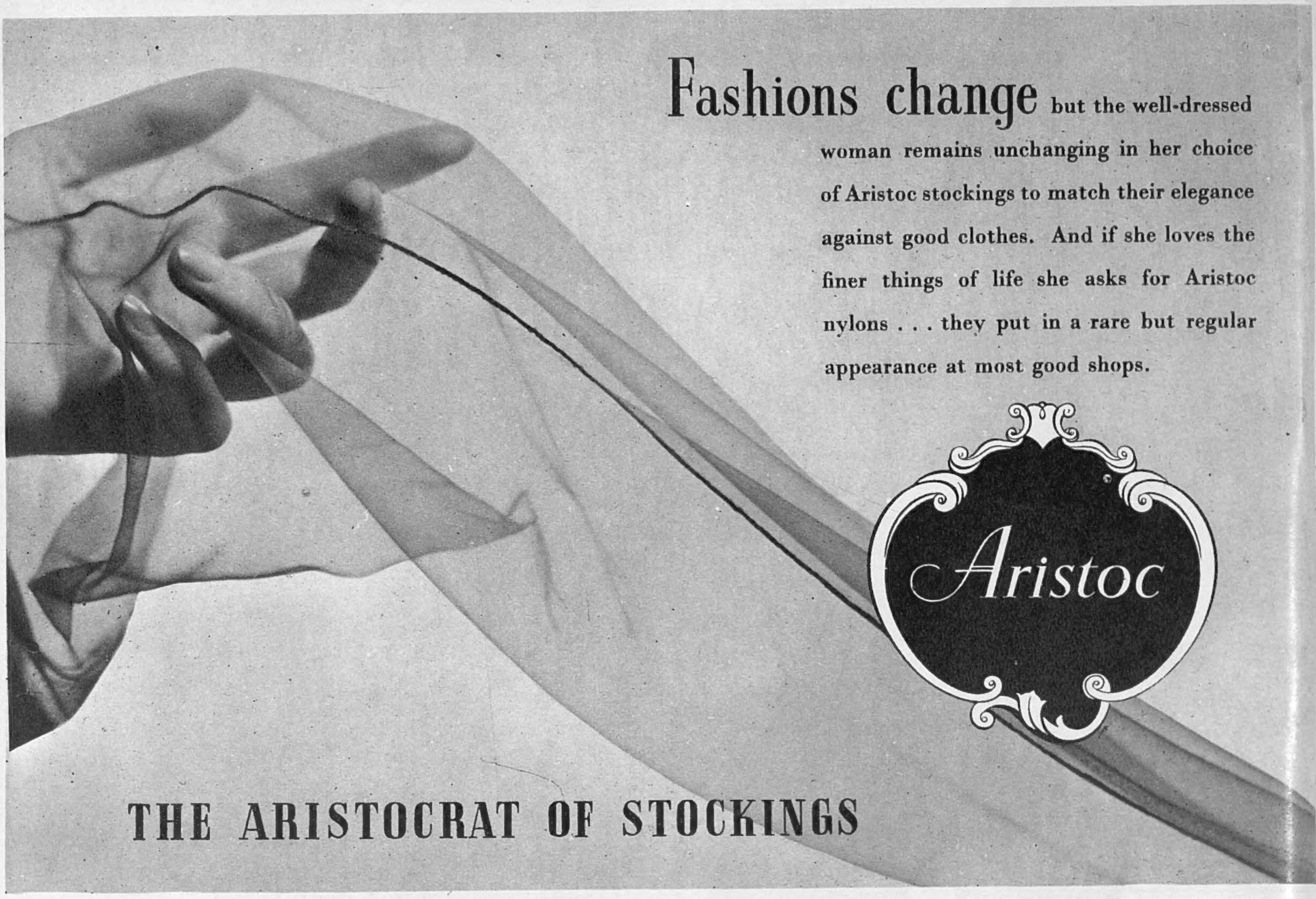

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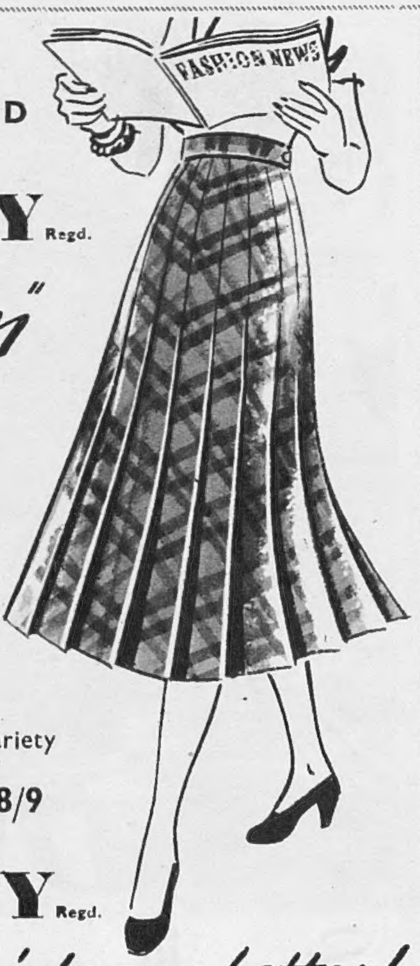

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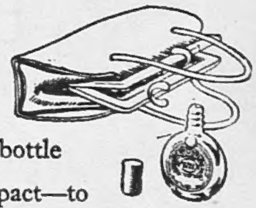

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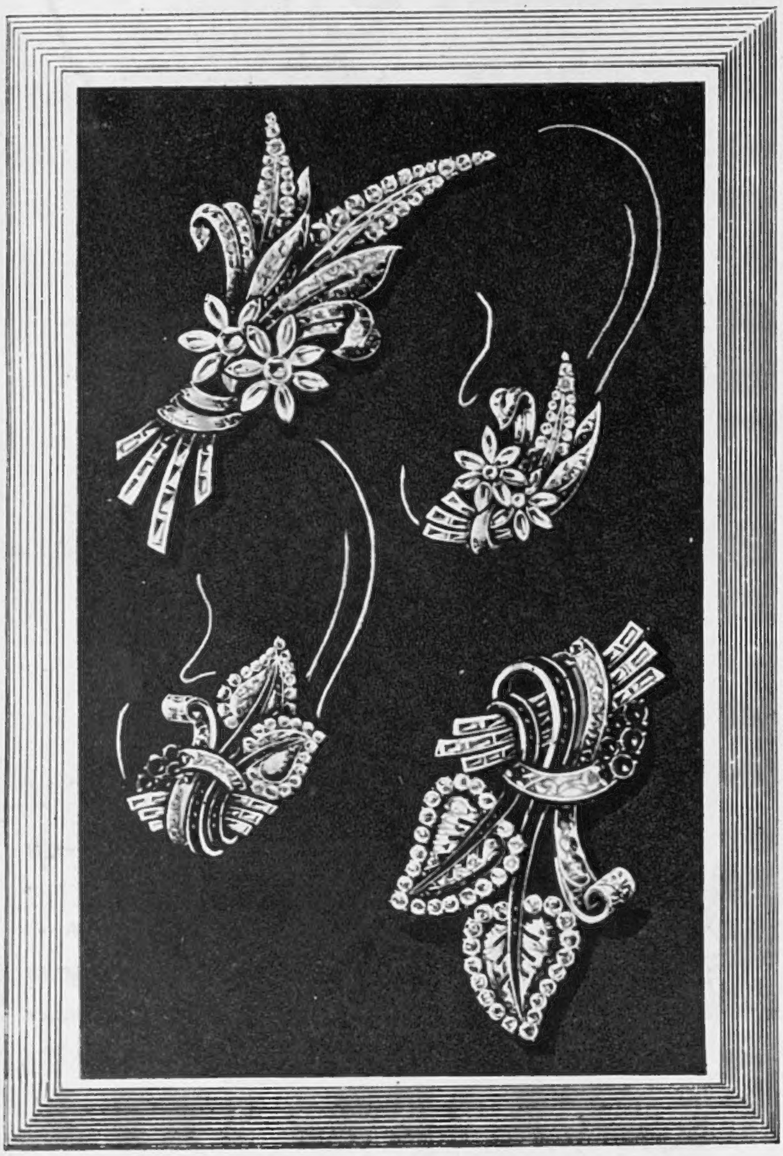

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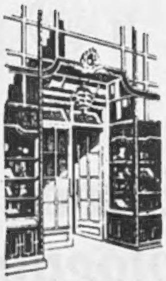

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The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1950

Photographed by Gordon Anthony.

SVETLANA BERIOSOVA

LITHUANIAN-BORN of Russian parents, Beriosova is a welcome newcomer to the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet. She is a fine classical dancer, of personal beauty, grace, good technique and lovely line. She is seen here as the Sugar Plum Fairy in *Casse Noisette*.

c

By night train from King's Cross, Princess Elizabeth travelled north with Prince Charles and four-weeks-old Princess Anne, to join the King and Queen at Balmoral.

Sketch-Book

BEVERLEY BAXTER

IT has been said that the chief drawback of growing older (I prefer the comparative to the positive) is that everything becomes repetition. A venerable philosopher summed it up once when he said: "I sometimes feel that I have seen the last poet, the last woman and the last racehorse." He was wrong, but I knew what he meant.

There is, however, one experience that never loses its excitement or novelty—when a new car is delivered to you. Shining like virtue, unmarked by life's experiences, sleek, elegant, fresh, the car awaits your command. The chauffeur from the sales room, who has driven it to the door, gets out and takes a last look of pride like an artist leaving a painting at the Academy.

These days, of course, the event is doubly dramatic, because the acquiring of a car takes diplomacy, patience and an iron will. It must have been my final letter to Billy Rootes which did the trick, the last of a voluminous selection. "If," I wrote, "you see a black hat floating down the Thames it will be mine and beneath the waters will be me. But on the body there will be a note telling the world that you drove me to it." This moved the man of stone at long last.

As if to assist in the plot, my former car, worn with age and worry, with battered mud-guards and a hacking cough, got itself stolen outside the Aldwych Theatre. In mileage it had, like Puck, encircled the globe and, like the Village Blacksmith, it had earned its night repose.

But what a disconcerting thing it is when you find in the street an empty space where you had left your car. The poor little thing had a House of Commons badge which might have stayed the vandal's hand, but nothing is sacred these days. Human nature being what it is, we hope that our memory has failed us (knowing damned well that it hasn't), and we wander about the neighbourhood gazing at cars on the chance that we are suffering from hallucinations.

Then a visit to Bow Street and the admirable calm with which the sergeant receives the startling news. As it has nothing to do with anything, you find yourself noting that policemen without hats are actually individuals, quite separate from each other.

Then home and the pathos of the empty garage. Where is my wandering car to-night? Max, the Aberdeen terrier, cannot make it out. Because

of its superior draughts, he sleeps in the garage and has come to look upon the car as his pal. What have we done with it ? He curses softly, and probably stays awake all night waiting for the old crock to come home.

He cannot get used to this shining substitute. For one thing, the car is bigger and leaves Max less room to roam. That is the end of the story. I merely wanted to remind you that there are some experiences that can never be blunted by repetition.

MANY years ago, before the First World War, Lord Beaverbrook, then Max Aitken, engineered a plot which resulted in Bonar Law being made leader of the Conservative Party instead of Austen Chamberlain or Walter Long. The next day or so Max drove with Bonar Law to the Commons and said to him : " You are now a great man." The newly-elected Tory leader considered this pronunciamento for a moment, and then replied : " If I am a great man, then all the great men in history were frauds."

As a journalist and politician, either standing in the wings or carrying a spear in the chorus, I have met most of the men who have been hailed as great over the last thirty years. General Smuts was one who could bear the strain of scrutiny. His long, long ride to the sea in the Boer War was an episode of valour and determination rarely equalled in the annals of human endeavour. When the conquering British held out their hand to him after defeat, he gave not only his hand, but his heart in return. Far away from the centre of things, he became a world statesman, and his words of wisdom carried the weight of greatness.

But what is this thing called greatness ? Napoleon would have been no more than a competent artillery officer if the French Revolution had not delivered France into his hands. Even Winston Churchill, out of office for ten years, might well have been considered nothing more than a brilliant, unreliable politician and a clever contemporary historian, if Hitler had not risen from the gutter. Wellington was a fine soldier in India, but Waterloo gave him his immortality.

Shakespeare had been dead 100 years before his stature was realised. There he was in London, an actor and author at the very heart of things, but none of the memoirs or correspondence of the time suggest that he attracted any particular attention. Outside of the theatre, he seemed to have met no one and corresponded hardly at all. How could Bacon, with his massive brain, have been unaware of such a rival or indifferent to his existence ?

Even a century-and-a-half later Voltaire, spending two years in England, was not greatly impressed with the man who had by that time become the idol of the London theatre. He went to see *Hamlet*, and this is what he wrote about it :

I am far from being able to recommend the tragedy of *Hamlet* wholeheartedly ; it is a gross and barbarous play which would not get a hearing from the lowest audiences in France or Italy. Hamlet himself goes mad in Act II., and his mistress loses her reason in Act III., the prince murders his mistress's father while pretending to kill a rat, and the heroine jumps into the river. Her grave is dug on the stage, and the grave-diggers make typical remarks, while balancing skulls of the dead in their hands ; Prince Hamlet replies to their abominable ruderies in terms no less disgusting. While all this is in progress, one of the actors goes off and conquers Poland. Hamlet, his mother and his stepfather carouse together on the stage ; there is singing at table, quarrels, blows and murder ; anyone might think that such a play were the fruits of the imagination of a drunken savage. But amongst these wild irregularities, which still make the English stage absurd to-day, there appear in *Hamlet*, by an even stranger contrast, sublime traits worthy of the greatest genius. It seems as though it pleased nature to bring together in Shakespeare the strongest and the greatest of which man's imagination is capable, with a flat stupidity of the lowest and most detestable order.

I like that sentence : " While all this is in progress one of the actors goes off and conquers Poland." What a dramatic critic Voltaire would have made !

Bernard Shaw contended that greatness was only another manifestation of littleness. He ridiculed Napoleon and even scoffed at newspaper proprietors. He tilted at Henry Irving and scourged all politicians. Yet he believed in his own immortality.

The whole story is too long to tell, but in 1921, as an ardent champion of lost causes, I persuaded the dramatic critics of London to come to a special matinée of Shaw's new play *Heartbreak House*, to reconsider their verdicts of the Monday night performance.

It was a great occasion and I had the excitement of watching it all from a box with G.B.S. At the end of the performance the audience called on him for a speech. Standing up in the box he said : " This is, of course, a very good play. Even if the critics have momentarily killed it, *Heartbreak House* will have an after-life. Three hundred years from now, you will come and see it again."

The audience chuckled, assuming that it was one of the old rascal's jokes. But he was deadly serious. What is more, he was undoubtedly right. What is cheaply topical in his plays will shrivel and disappear with the years, but the rest will be played to audiences who will think with envy of us who lived in his era.

People try to prove that goodness and greatness are the same thing. Alas ! It is not so. Others mistake success for greatness, which is ridiculous. Success is sometimes the robe that greatness wears but it is not the body.

Perhaps the most consoling definition of greatness was in a sermon by Phillip Brooks : " Greatness, after all, in spite of its name, appears to be not so much a certain size as a certain quality in human lives. It may be present in lives whose range is very small."

On that basis each one of us can look in the mirror, providing we don't look too closely.

THERE have been times in " Sketch-Book " when I have shown something less than reverence towards those who devote their lives to out-of-doors sports, and especially horse-racing. But a newspaper cutting on my desk suggests that I may have misjudged the lovers of the turf. The cutting gives the names of the winners at a race meeting at Yarmouth in mid-September.

Here they are :

Red Pants ; Subtle Difference ; Reminiscence ; Windsor Charm ; Hydaspes ; Admiris.

With the exception of Red Pants, where would you find such a combination of the unusual and the classical ? It may be that race-owners are really not concerned with winning so much as the poetry of motion.

Draw the curtains. . . . Build up the fire and give me a whisky-and-soda. Perhaps even golfers have souls.

Beverley Baxter

Prince Georg and his bride after their wedding in the chapel of Glamis Castle.

Photo: A. V. Swaebe

The wedding group. *Front row*, sitting, l. to r.: Lady Clinton, Lord Clinton, grandfather of the bride, H.M. the Queen, the Hon. Patrick and the Hon. Elizabeth Anson, children of the bride, Princess Margaretha and Prince Axel of Denmark, parents of the bridegroom, and the Hon. Mrs. John Bowes-Lyon, mother of the bride. *Back row*, l. to r.: Lady Granville, Lord Strathmore, Princess Josephine-Charlotte of Belgium, Prince Carl Bernadotte, Princess Ragnhild of Norway, daughter of the Crown Prince of Norway, H.R.H. Crown Prince Olav of Norway, Lord Granville, the bride and bridegroom, Prince and Princess Georg of Denmark, Count Flemming of Rosenborg, Princess Astrid of Norway, Mr. Simon Bowes-Lyon, Miss Diana Bowes-Lyon, H.R.H. Princess Margaret, the Hon. David Bowes-Lyon, and Countess Ruth of Rosenborg.

ROYAL WEDDING IN SCOTLAND . . .

H.M. THE QUEEN and Princess Margaret were present at a luncheon-party after the wedding of the Queen's niece, Lady Anson, formerly Miss Anne Bowes-Lyon, daughter of the late Hon. John Bowes-Lyon and of Mrs. Bowes-Lyon, to Prince Georg of Denmark, acting Military Attaché to the Danish Embassy in London, and son of Prince Axel and Princess Margaretha of Denmark.

A shoe for luck was tied on by Count Flemming of Rosenborg, the bridegroom's brother and best man.

The bridegroom's family, left, and the bride's family, right, gave a send-off as the newly-married Prince and Princess Georg of Denmark drove away.

In the wedding group, l. to r. : Miss Doon Plunket, bridesmaid and sister of the bride, the bride and groom, Captain B. de Las Casas and Miss Neelia Plunket, and Captain Craufurd Mahony, the best man. The child attendants are Miss Christina Russell and the Hon. Tara Browne, son of Lord Oranmore and Browne, and a cousin of the bride. Miss Plunket, who wore a lovely Worth gown of silver lamé, is a granddaughter of the late the Hon. Ernest Guinness, brother of the Earl of Iveagh. Her white tulle veil was capped with a halo head-dress of orange-blossom, and she carried a shower bouquet of dark red roses. Her only jewellery was a triple string of pearls. As bridesmaid, Miss Doon Plunket wore a ballet-length Rahvis gown of gossamer white lace, with a ruff of tulle softening the off-the-shoulder line, and edging the end of the skirt.

The bride was escorted by her cousin, Lord Moyne, who gave her away.

. . . AND AN IRISH WEDDING

BIG crowds gathered outside St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, on September 18 to see the arrival of 1500 guests for the wedding of Miss Neelia Plunket, daughter of the late Hon. Brinsley Plunket, and of Mrs. Plunket, of Luttrellstown Castle, Clonsilla, Co. Dublin, to Captain Bazil de Las Casas, son of the late Mr. Manuel de Las Casas, and of Mrs. de Las Casas, of Hornwood, near Bideford, Devon. [*Photographs by Baron.*]

The bride and bridegroom received the guests at the reception at Luttrellstown Castle. On the left, Lady Oranmore and Browne, with her small son, Tara.

The send-off to the West of Ireland honeymoon included a hearty barrage of confetti.

Candid Cameo

SAMUEL GOLDWYN

By Cyril Butcher

I HAVE a sneaking suspicion that Samuel Goldwyn's art is the kind that conceals artfulness. Certainly to spear his personality with the point of a pen is about as easy as attempting the same thing with a ball of mercury. There are surprises and contradictions, wherever you look.

For a start, that he exists at all is a bit of a shock. He has long made himself a legend (I suspect deliberately) in the film world, and, not being gregarious, there isn't so much first-hand information about him. To find that this legend is in fact flesh and blood makes one do a mental double-take.

However, flesh and blood he certainly is, and pretty chunky at that. What I was expecting, I don't rightly know. But the first sight of him, joining a small party in a friend's club, was another shock. Any anticipation that he would be rather "filmy," domineering and aggressively dogmatic to all and sundry, was left unfulfilled. As he settled himself into a chair, utterly relaxed, with his eyes screwed into a smile to such an extent that you could scarcely see them, he beamed around him with the utmost benevolence. One was irresistibly reminded of some of the more amiable Chinese ivories.

He was delighted to talk about himself. He did so, at length, without boastfulness, nor yet with any needless modesty. In doing so, he uttered one of the "Goldwynisms" that form part of his legend.

Tapping his balding head, he said: "You see, I'm letting down that back hair, which I haven't got." Surely a worthy companion to some of his classic statements such as: "You can include me out," and "A verbal contract isn't worth the paper it's written on!" He claims, by the way, that these remarks are written for him. But I wonder—

I wonder, because he really seems to enjoy gently pulling his own leg. And he certainly has borne with tolerance, over the years, the leg-pulling of the Press—some of it not so gentle.

Was this Sam Goldwyn, then: an amiable Chinese ivory? By no means. For, as he talked of his work, one became conscious that he possessed the grandeur of a great artist. Who but a great artist, who believed in the best and nothing but the best, would spend a million dollars in reshooting a portion of a film with which he was not satisfied?

He has, too, the generosity of a great gentleman. Some time ago he was asked to state whom he considered the greatest actor in the world. He replied: "Laurence Olivier." When it was pointed out that, in Hollywood, to choose a British instead of an American actor would undoubtedly let loose a ton of bricks about his head, he said: "I don't care; it's the truth." And that is a phrase he uses quite often.

Another reason for forgetting the idea that Samuel Goldwyn sits back and benevolently watches life taking care of itself can be found in the brief facts of his early days.

He was born in Warsaw, a matter of sixty-odd years ago. (To this day there is just a trace of Polish accent in his speech.) At the age of eleven he ran away from home, made his way to England and to some relations in Manchester. Here he worked in a blacksmith's shop and saved hard. At thirteen he had enough to take himself to America. There, in New York, he got a job in a glove factory and for the first time seriously attended to his education—at a night-school. The chief objective in his curriculum was to learn English. At fourteen he was promoted to salesman, and by the time he was eighteen he could afford yearly trips to Europe to visit his mother. Not bad!

Round about 1913 he formed his first film company, "Jesse L. Lasky Features Play Co.," with Arthur S. Friend and Jesse Lasky as partners. He produced one of the first full-length pictures ever made, with Cecil B. de Mille—then a young playwright—directing. Since then he has founded several more companies, but as each has prospered and merged with other interests (such as the formation of the gigantic Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer), he has sold his holdings. Big companies are not for him. At all costs he is determined to work in his own way; and no shareholders or boards of directors are going to tell him how. He has always backed his own star; so, for the past twenty-six years, Goldwyn has been an independent producer. As he himself puts it: "My best film producer is Samuel Goldwyn."

The next time I met him was at tea in his suite at Claridges during his recent visit to this country. This time he was in a sentimental mood—and he is renowned as a sentimentalist. That was reasonable enough, for was he not on a European holiday tour to celebrate his twenty-fifth wedding anniversary.

"I took Mrs. Goldwyn to Venice on a second honeymoon trip, in the hope that she would sign on for another twenty-five years," he chuckled.

As a married couple the Goldwyns are a permanent wonder in Hollywood, the capital of broken romances. In all those years of living and working together they have only been away from each other three times. The secret formula for a happy marriage, according to Samuel Goldwyn, is: "Tell your wife, every day, that you love her, and make her a 50 per cent. partner in your work. In my case, Frances holds more like 60 per cent. of the joint stock."

At which lovely, alert Mrs. Goldwyn laughed, poured out another cup of tea and announced that she was about to blush. Well might we indulge in our editorial habit of taking off our hat to this charming lady. She not only puts in a full day's work at the studios as a liaison officer between the writers and their chief, but she runs a large house with astonishing efficiency ("My present cook has been with me for eighteen years") and entertains constantly but unostentatiously. ("As a hostess, I do a good steady business. I love it.")

But in the middle of all this genial chatter, something happened. What caused it is impossible to tell. I hope he had not misunderstood anything I had said, but for a flashing moment all benevolence, all sentiment disappeared from Samuel Goldwyn's eyes. I had the impression of looking at a steel fortress bristling with guns—all loaded and ready aimed. The look was gone instantly—he must have decided that all was well—but I now realised that, in certain circumstances, this man might be very, very dangerous.

And with that there fell neatly into place the as yet unassembled pieces of the jig-saw puzzle that make up this varied personality: the fact that Hollywood very much minds its step when dealing with Samuel Goldwyn; the alacrity with which his large staff—though devoted to him—jumps to it to obey his wishes; his amazing career, from pauper boy to international figure in the top income group; and, above all, the fact that he has never lost his predominant position in the film world—a world where the competition is unceasing and without mercy.

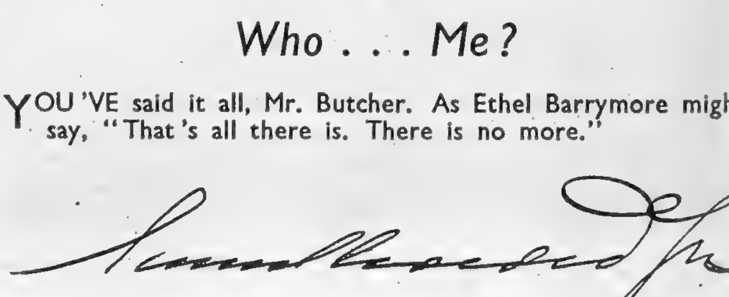
Must one then dismiss as non-existent Samuel Goldwyn the amiable, the sentimental, the devoted? Is one wrong to take an instant liking to him, as I did? Not at all. I suggest the real answer is a happy medium, between many divergent extremes.

And, as she has "renewed her contract," I feel that in Mrs. Goldwyn's case "happy" is the operative word.

★

Who . . . Me?

YOU'VE said it all, Mr. Butcher. As Ethel Barrymore might say, "That's all there is. There is no more."



Specially photographed for "The Sketch" by Angus McBean

PORTRAIT OF A HOLLYWOOD BOSS: SAMUEL GOLDWYN

Photographed by Cecil Beaton.

A KISS FOR THE PRINCESS ANNE

LITTLE Princess Anne, third in the line of succession to the Throne, and second child of T.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, was born on August 15. Her names will be Anne Elizabeth Alice Louise, and her title, Princess Anne of Edinburgh. She has already made her first public appearance, on the way to Balmoral, as can be seen on another page. Prince Charles, who gives her a brotherly kiss, is now nearly two years old.

DATE - BOOK
(Our Social Diary)

SEPT. 6.

(Left.) At Doncaster Yearling Bloodstock Sales, second day, were trainer Mr. Pat Beasley and wife Lady Alexandra Beasley, Lord Wilton's daughter, with Mr. Jack Fawcus, trainer.

SEPT. 6.

(Right.) A "date" for Sir Malcolm Sargent, the flying conductor (left), was the Flying Display and Exhibition at Farnborough aerodrome. With him (centre), Mr. W. J. W. Ballantyne and Air Commodore (jet plane) Sir Frank Whittle.

AT DONCASTER BLOODSTOCK SALES.

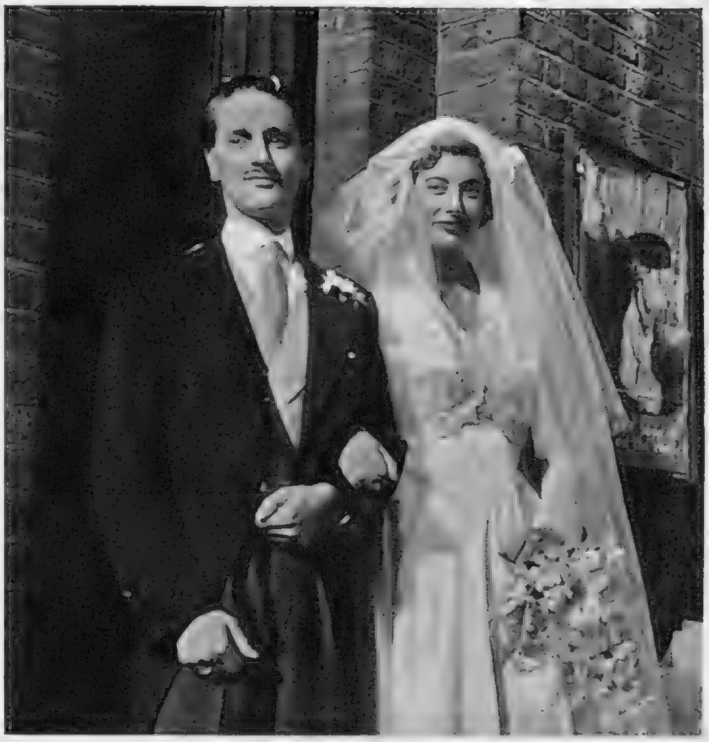
AT FARNBOROUGH FLYING DISPLAY.

SEPT. 7.

(Left.) Mr. Lucas Ralli, son of Sir Strati and Lady Ralli, and Miss Katia Droulia, daughter of Mrs. Lauder and step-daughter of Lt.-Col. Robert N. Lauder, were married at the Greek Cathedral, Bayswater.

SEPT. 7.

(Right.) Miss Jacqueline Cumming Bell, daughter of Major and Mrs. W. Cumming Bell, of Binham Lodge, Edgerton, Huddersfield, and sister of the Duchess of Rutland, married Mr. David I. Learoyd, son of Mrs. W. G. B. McKechnie, of Rhuberg Strone, Argyll, at St. Peter's, Huddersfield.



RALLI — DROULIA WEDDING.

LEAROYD — CUMMING BELL WEDDING.

SEPT. 8.

(Left.) A wet day for Aboyne Games, Aberdeen. Lord Huntly sheltered under umbrella when presenting his award — Chief's Challenge Trophy—to Dunecht heavyweight athlete J. S. Hunter, the day's best all-round competitor.

SEPT. 8.

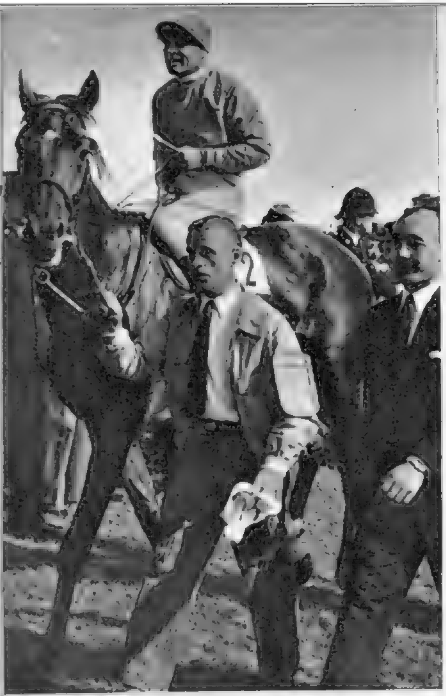
(Right.) Hampshire Hunt team which won championship at Pony Club Inter-Branch meeting at Twatley, Malmesbury: (l. to r.) Polly Vian, captain, on Talisman; Antonia McAndrew on Czarina; Susan Barthrop on Golden Arrow.

AT THE ABOYNE GAMES.

PONY CLUB INTER-BRANCH CHAMPIONSHIPS.

[Continued overleaf.

DATE-



ANOTHER FRENCH WIN.

HIGHLAND GAMES, PITLOCHRY.

SEPT. 9.

(Left.) Doncaster. Jockey Rae Johnstone was pleased as his mount Scratch II. was led in after winning the St. Leger for M. Boussac. The victory was worth £13,959.

SEPT. 9.

(Right.) Chieftain of the Highland Games at Pitlochry, Perth, in the Recreation Park, was Major David Butter, of Pitlochry (right). Otherwise, l. to r.: Mrs. Charles Butter, David Penn, Mrs. Stewart Stevens and Major Greville Stevens of Balnakilly.

PRINCESS MARGARET AT THE ABOYNE BALL.

SEPT. 11.

Deeside's most brilliant social function, the Aboyne Ball, was attended by Princess Margaret, seen dancing (left) with her cousin, the Master of Elphinstone, with Mrs. Michael Crichton-Stuart on the right. Extreme right, Lady Huntly, who welcomed the Princess to the ball.

FIRST-NIGHTERS AT LA SCALA OPERA.

SEPT. 12.

At the gala opening night of La Scala (Milan) Opera Company (conductor, Victor de Sabata) were: (left) conductor Sir Malcolm Sargent with Miss Venetia Heber-Percy; (centre) Lord and Lady Dunboyne; (right) Lord and Lady Harewood. The company had twenty-one "curtains" from an enthralled audience. The opera: Otello.

-BOOK

SEPT. 13.

(Left.) Lady Mary Cambridge, only daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Cambridge, and great-niece of Queen Mary, has announced her engagement to Mr. Peter Whitley, son of Sir Norman and Lady Whitley.

SEPT. 14.

(Right.) At St. George's, Hanover Square, Lady Martha Butler, daughter of Lord and Lady Ormonde, of Gennings, Hunton, Maidstone, married Mr. A. C. G. Ponsonby, son of Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Charles Ponsonby, of Woodleys, Woodstock.

ENGAGED: LADY MARY CAMBRIDGE.

PONSONBY — BUTLER WEDDING.

SEPT. 14.

(Left.) At Holy Trinity, Brompton, Mr. David N. G. Duckham, son of the late Mr. T. H. Duckham, and of Mrs. Duckham, of 66, Ashley Gardens, married the Hon. Elizabeth Mostyn, daughter of Lord and Lady Mostyn, of Mostyn Hall, Flintshire.

SEPT. 15.

(Right.) Braw group of Scots who led march to Highland Games at Argyllshire Gathering, Oban, included the Duke of Argyll (President), The Captain of Dunstaffnage, Lieut.-Colonel George Malcolm of Poltalloch, Brigadier Sir Bruce Campbell of Arduaine, Mr. Ian Fletcher of Dunans, Mr. T. H. L. Macdonald of Barguillean.

DUCKHAM — MOSTYN WEDDING.

ARGYLLSHIRE GATHERING.

SEPT. 16.

(Left.) At the Highland Ball convened by Mrs. Anthony Warre of Dalcross Castle, at Caledonian Hotel, Inverness, Mrs. Geraldine Bevan-Petman danced with Lord Tarbat

SEPT. 19.

(Right.) Grand party of tenants and employees given at Goodwood House by the Duke and Duchess of Richmond and Gordon for coming-of-age of son and heir the Earl of March. In the picture the Duchess superintends his cutting of cake. There was a big bonfire and fireworks.

HIGHLAND BALL.

COMING-OF-AGE PARTY.

[Continued overleaf.

DATE-BOOK
(Abroad)

STRATEGIC POSITION.

AT A SHOW-JUMPING CONTEST.

GIPSY SERENADE.

ON HOLIDAY, MISS ATTLEE.

FOR BIG-GAME FISHERMEN.

PRODUCTION BY NOEL COWARD.

SEPT. 8.

St. Jean de Luz. *(Left.) With M. Pierre Garbette on the Hotel d'Angleterre's balcony, F.-M. Montgomery surveyed the beaches, where white skins tan but never approach French perfection.*

SEPT. 9.

Biarritz. *(Right.) A late summer on the Basque coast for the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, the latter with wonderful trousseau of gowns. Here, they watched a display of show-jumping.*

SEPT. 9.

Biarritz. *(Left.) Also in fashionable Biarritz, at the Ambassadors' Restaurant, Palace Hotel: Miss Virginia Keiley (England and Hollywood) supped with Mr. and Mrs. Jack Fulton, enchanted by Zarou's gipsy music.*

SEPT. 10.

Levanto, Italy. *(Right.) Miss Felicity Attlee, daughter of Britain's P.M., improved her Italian, on holiday with industrialist Signor Enrico Stabile. Close by, her host's daughters, Enrica and Elisabetta.*

SEPT. 18.

Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. *(Left.) British Empire team seen after International Tuna Tournament: (l. to r.) Messrs. T. J. Wheeler, Harry Smith, John Kelly, Louis Mowbray, Major C. H. Frisby England (captain), John Bain, Loran Baker.*

SEPT. 18.

Jamaica. *(Right.) Portrait of Noel Coward tapping out a new play at his home, Blue Harbour. In background the foothills of Jamaica's Blue Mountains, from which he draws inspiration. He 's due home soon.*

DESTINATION: AUSTRALIA— OBJECTIVE: THE ASHES

EMBARKED in the liner *Stratheden*, the M.C.C. team which is to tour Australia and New Zealand sailed from Tilbury on September 14. As we went to press, however, came the bad news of Compton's swollen knee, which may put him out of action for the Tests, though we hope that rest on the voyage may clear up this trouble. It was suggested that Edrich should be flown out as substitute. Washbrook is flying out to join the team at Adelaide; and we offer them our very best wishes.

AT THE THEATRE . .

Old Stagers

GOLDEN CITY (Adelphi).
An admirable musical play of the South African Gold Rush in the 'eighties.

SEAGULLS OVER SORRENTO (Apollo).
A naval mixture: comedy and drama on an islet in the Orkneys, with Ronald Shiner as a very able seaman.

ACE OF CLUBS (Cambridge).
Minor Coward — but with the Juvenile Delinquents.

MISTER ROBERTS (Coliseum).
A Pacific voyage with the vast Coliseum stage as an American Navy cargo ship and Tyrone Power as its gallant mate.

WORM'S EYE VIEW (Comedy).
R. F. Delderfield's long-distance piece, now in its fifth year, runs towards the 2000th performance.

CAROUSEL (Drury Lane).
Forget comparisons and see this as a good Rodgers-Hammerstein musical play in its own right.

THE HOLLY AND THE IVY (Duchess).
Wynyard Browne's Christmas gathering in a Norfolk vicarage is the best domestic play in London.

RING ROUND THE MOON (Globe).
A charade, taken from the French by Christopher Fry, and produced expertly by Peter Brook.

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY (Haymarket).
Eileen Herlie attempts a famous part in Pinero's drama of the 'nineties.

THE LITTLE HUT (Lyric).
Three castaways—one of them Robert Morley—frivol on a tropical island.

BRIGADOON (His Majesty's).
Here is the Scots village that comes to life on only one day in a century.

THE COCKTAIL PARTY (New).
Mr. Eliot's homily in verse.

KING'S RHAPSODY (Palace).
Ivor Novello is the King, and Vanessa Lee his Queen, in Novello's Ruritanian "musical."

THEY GOT WHAT THEY WANTED (Phœnix).
Competent Irish comedy; one lovely performance by Liam Redmond.

TOUCH AND GO (Prince of Wales's).
A flashing Anglo-American revue.

HIS EXCELLENCY (Princes).
Eric Portman shows how an ex-docker can govern a Mediterranean island.

CAPTAIN CARVALLO (St. James's).
A witty, neo-Ruritanian comedy, with James Donald and Diana Wynyard, and a pair of farceurs in Richard Goolden and Peter Finch.

HOME AT SEVEN (Wyndham's).
Sir Ralph Richardson is superb as the ordinary man in extraordinary circumstances who is at the centre of Sherriff's dexterous play.

★ First Choice ★

"ACCOLADE"

(Aldwych)

THERE is no more theatrical dramatist than Emlyn Williams. As an actor he has a curious, smouldering intensity. When, as he does so often, he acts in a play of his own, the combination keeps our minds fixed upon the stage. It is a form of hypnotism; but, after the curtain has fallen and the influence has waned, we can find ourselves as disappointed as though the gold we had been grasping had thinned to sifting dust. So it is (I speak for myself) with *Accolade*. While the play was in performance on the first night, I felt that it must all be urgent and exciting: two minutes after curtain-fall I was wondering by what strange spell Mr. Williams's novelist, Will Trenting, had managed to get, of all things, the Nobel Prize and later a knighthood.

This fellow Trenting specialises in the most sordid of "realistic" novels. They are alleged to have literary importance, though this is very hard to credit. Apparently, now and again, Trenting is impelled—not merely for purposes of his art, but because he cannot help it—to join in some gross low-life orgy. He hints at the form of entertainment he enjoys and makes it sound as alluring as a foggy drizzle in the Caledonian Road. Unhappily, he has laid himself open to a peculiarly unpleasant form of blackmail, and no sooner has he received the accolade than his disgrace is certain. We do not hear the result; but we do observe the meetings with the blackmailer, a sinister slug driven by jealousy and frustration. We do learn also how Trenting's schoolboy son responds to his father's confession.

Technically, the play is stoutly built and it glitters with sharp lights and cross-lights upon character. Even so, it will not stay in my memory. Trenting is no more than cardboard: it is difficult to believe in his position, or in the vaunted quality of his work. Emlyn Williams as actor has to expend all his force to save Emlyn Williams as dramatist. Two people who do live, and whom I remember still, long after curtain-fall, are Noel Willman and Dora Bryan. Mr. Willman, as the blackmailer from Rotherhithe, is quite the slithiest tove the stage has seen for months: he appears to trail across the stage in glistening slime. Dora Bryan, also from Rotherhithe, is a flaxen mipsy-mopsy, amiably amoral and anxious to be on good terms with the world. There is other excellent work by Diana Churchill, most sympathetic as Trenting's wife who has had to understand and to forgive; and by Anthony Oliver, a young actor of growing assurance. Emlyn Williams himself works desperately to persuade us of the truth of his Will Trenting-Bill Trent. My heart is still with Jekyll-and-Hyde.

. . with J. C. TREWIN

"WILL ANY GENTLEMAN ?"

(Strand)

MR. ROBERTSON HARE, for once, does not lose his trousers. Instead, he is hypnotised. And when he is hypnotised, he becomes a cross between any Great Lover of the screen and any more-or-less heroic dare-devil. At other times, he is a mild rabbit with a voice that booms like a breaker exploding on the rocks. The hypnotic influence works only in spasms; thus the poor little man is alternately booming rabbit and Casanova. Vernon Sylvaine has enjoyed burdening Robertson Hare with as many alternations as possible, and these make the farce—helped, of course, by the both monstrously raffish and, later, monstrously truthful incursions of Arthur Riscoe, up-from-Richmond and obviously a stout fellow in any company.

Mr. Sylvaine is rarely a wit and he does not write the purring nonsense of a Ben Travers. But his invention and his vigour never tire; the farce is pieced together like a jig-saw and some of its minor decorations take our fancy: Charles Groves's part, for example, that of an ancient, cloudy doctor who must be the dread of the Hampstead Garden Suburb, and Hugh Metcalfe's sizzling rage as a baffled bank manager. . . . Still, as usual, the evening is Mr. Hare's and I cherish the memory of one moment when he advances stealthily towards his parlourmaid in a coat and cap that make him look like an illustration from some Edwardian serial.

★

"RELUCTANT HEROES"

(Whitehall)

ANOTHER farce—and a very different matter. Colin Morris, its author, who appears as a preposterous Army officer, admitted at journey's end that his play was a drawn-out music-hall sketch. Well, so it is: it all depends on what you think of music-hall sketches. This is the one, pure jabberwocky, about raw recruits with an empurpled sergeant (Wally Patch) and a vast amount of "You're-in-the-Army-now" knockabout. The author has taken three puppets, one of them hopelessly elegant (Dermot Walsh), one a Lancastrian comic (Brian Rix), one an amiable malingerer (Larry Noble): mercilessly, he packs them through all the evolutions of an Ensa burlesque. There is no other wraith of a plot, though towards the end Mr. Morris does begin to explain, a trifle anxiously, just what is happening in the outbuilding of a farmhouse during manœuvres. I have seldom seen anything more simple-hearted in the theatre; it has a kind of bland, schoolboyish good cheer, it does no harm to anybody and the cast seems to be happy in its work.

Next Stage

THE Old Vic in the Waterloo Road, refurbished but still the loved theatre of Lilian Baylis, will reopen during November with Hugh Hunt's production of *Twelfth Night*. The company is strong: Peggy Ashcroft as Viola, Roger Livesey as Sir Toby, Robert Eddison (who was Feste in a 1948 revival) as Sir Andrew, Ursula Jeans as Olivia, Alec Clunes as Orsino, Paul Rogers as Malvolio, William Devlin as Antonio, Leo McKern as Feste and Pauline Jameson as Maria. The theatre will hold about 1000 at prices between one-and-sixpence and half-a-guinea. Before the London season the company goes on a short tour, opening at the New, Oxford, on October 16.

IN WEST STREET

Somerset Maugham, who ranks with Shaw as the most often-revived of modern dramatists, is to have another West End run. *Home and Beauty*, which has been doing uncommonly well at the Arts, with Brenda Bruce as the "dear little thing," goes to the St. Martin's, under Henry Sherek's management, on September 27. On October 12 there will be a new play at the theatre next door in West Street, the Ambassadors. In Jan de Hartog's *The Fourposter*—published a few years ago—Michael Denison and Dulcie Gray, as the only two characters, will occupy the stage for the entire evening.

RIGHT ROYAL

At the Palace they are already thinking of a second anniversary. *King's Rhapsody* celebrated its first year on September 15, and bookings stretch pleasantly into the future. Ivor Novello, back in the cast, must be happy to know that his musical play has been seen by 585,000 people.

CUP OF TEA

A company is going on tour, I gather, with *A Guardsman's Cup of Tea*, the inventive Thomas Browne comedy which had a trial run at the Bedford, Camden Town, last autumn. Hattan Duprez and Maurice Berkeley, who present it—with a West End production in view early next year—have a cast that contains Rosamund John, Ellen Pollock, Barry Mackay, Hilton Bowden and Andrew Crawford (who was in the original showing at Camden Town).

GETTING AROUND

The *Take It from Here* team, Jimmy Edwards, Joy Nichols and Dick Bentley, opens during mid-October in the West End in a full-length revue to be presented by Jack Hylton, with George and Alfred Black. . . . Signe Hasso, Michael Shepley and Robert Harris will appear in America in *The Late Edwina Black*. . . . The first officials of the new Association of London Theatre Press Representatives are W. Macqueen Pope (president), H. C. G. Stevens (chairman), George Fearon (hon. treasurer), and Thérèse McHugh (hon. secretary).

OH, BE CAREFUL, JANE !—By Yet-pore Pun.

DETERMINATION, AGILITY, SUSPENSE

★

At the London Salon of Photography

The forty-first International Exhibition of the London Salon of Photography opened at 26-27, Conduit Street on September 16, and will close on October 14. On these pages and the one following we reproduce a few of the most interesting photographic studies on view ; but, as always, subjects of every kind and for every taste will be found hanging in the Show.

TRAVELLING BALLET—By Erich Auerbach.

THE RAIN AND WENDY—By H. N. Meredith Lewes.

PARIS PROMENADE, by E. Heimann, inevitably recalls the interminable vista of the closing scene in Carol Reed's film, *The Third Man.*

On view at the 41st Exhibition of the London Salon of Photography, 26-27, Conduit Street.

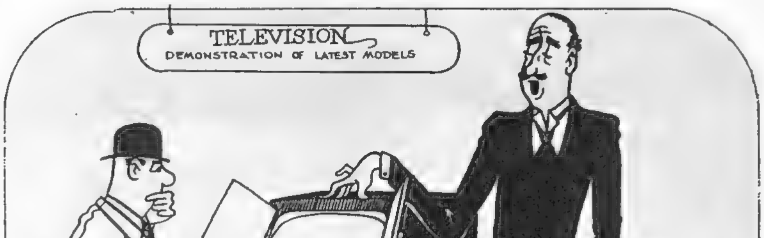
Photographed by Fred Daniels.

ENCHANTMENT IN CAMERA

Surrounded by the Japs, things are getting rather sticky for this gallant little party: A scene from *Until the Morning*, with Reginald Tate (left) as Major-General Lancaster, Derrick Penley, and Robert Ayres.

Belle Chrystall (as Becky Sharp), Bryan Coleman and Peter Bull in a scene from the disappointing production of *Vanity Fair*. Thackeray's famous novel was adapted for TV by Constance Cox.

Alderman Paddon Smith, Lord Mayor of Birmingham, opened this year's National Radio Show at Castle Bromwich from the temporary TV studio which was specially fitted out for broadcasts during the Exhibition.



". . . and with this set, Sir, the doors open automatically if the programme 's worth seeing."

TELEVISION

by CYRIL BUTCHER

ANY television enthusiast who visited this year's National Radio Exhibition at Castle Bromwich in the hope of seeing something startling and revolutionary will have been disappointed. For television sets, anyway, it was a case of *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.* As one manufacturer put it: "This year we have concentrated more on steady development along standard lines than on making spectacular innovations.'

That means that although the visitor found rows of glittering new sets—all, we hope, a little better than last year's crop—he looked in vain for any sign of stereoscopic or colour television. Admittedly there was a private demonstration of colour, but "private" was the operative word. These refinements are still in the realm of the Great By-and-By. Rightly enough, the next few years are being planned as a period for consolidating the public's interest in television, with sets that are as near perfect as is possible under present conditions. In fact, we are constantly told that nothing very new is likely to happen for the next ten years. Still—you never know.

Meanwhile, "the trade" found the public's interest most heartening. What the exhibition's attendance figures were we do not know. But if they were less than those at Olympia it was only because Castle Bromwich has no holiday-makers as London has, and did not attract the usual horde of people who wander round any kind of exhibition spending an inexpensive hour or so collecting pamphlets and brochures. This year's visitors mostly came to buy—or were seriously considering buying.

There was plenty from which to choose. The Phillips projection receiver, with its large screen, came in for a good deal of attention. (As explained some weeks ago, this is all done, literally, with mirrors.) Other items to catch the eye were the aerial-less Baird portable set, and the Pye black screen receiver with its intensely vivid pictures. Then there were the colossi, by H.M.V. and Decca, to make the public's mouth water.

The Exhibition brought with it a new headache for the B.B.C. The Lord Mayor of Birmingham, in his opening speech, raised a point of contention which has been simmering for some time. It was the question of starting-time for the evening Television programmes. The Midlands complain the hour is too late; Southerners say that if it is any earlier they just won't be able to make it. We had a chat about it with Television's chief, Norman Collins. He assured us that a great deal of thought is being given to the subject, but on the whole, the advance from eight-thirty to eight o'clock

The blackmailer comes to collect: a scene in *Ships That Pass*, by David Whitelaw—one of a series of short plays. The blackmailer is D. Val Norton; his victim, Ursula Howells.

"The Cavalcade of 1950"—the closing scene of The Horse of the Year Show held recently at Harringay Arena. Much of the programme was televised by the B.B.C.'s Outside Broadcasts Unit.

should prove an amicable compromise. "However," he added, "any increase in the programme time—and we plan to increase it—will be on the early side. There are many reasons—such as rehearsals and studio technicalities—which make it impracticable and undesirable to begin any major production before eight o'clock."

We have a suggestion to make. Items like Television News-Reel and other short programmes that usually accompany the main event of the evening might be transmitted before it from Sutton Coldfield, and after it from Alexandra Palace.

WHY, oh why, did Ally Pally have to choose this period, when television was so much in the public eye, to treat us to some of the dullest viewing there has ever been? It should have been the moment for putting the best foot forward and pulling every available spanner out of the bag to impress potential, but possibly reluctant, new customers. For—make no mistake about it—there is still considerable prejudice against the medium. Over and over again friends have raised incredulous eyebrows at our personal enthusiasm for it. They say "You must be bored to death, seeing television night after night. They do such *awful* stuff." In the past we have been able to convert a sceptic into a fan by inviting him to see some of the programmes about which we have waxed enthusiastic. But lately we had no reply to this sort of remark. In the main the "stuff" has indeed been pretty awful.

Vanity Fair, for instance, a play by Constance Cox based on Thackeray's novel, was hideously wide of the mark. It would obviously be impossible to compress this marathon story into two hours of playing time, but the onus on playwright, producer and cast was to reproduce its atmosphere, its period and its brilliant psychological insight. This was not done, and the result was a bore. Fred O'Donovan has handled period pieces before with the happiest results, but here came unstuck in his production. Not once did we get the impression that we were window-peeping into the early nineteenth century. What we saw was a company of players champing about in fancy-dress. Nor would there have been any reason for the novel's length, had Becky Sharp been anything like Belle Chrystall's portrayal of her. Not even Joseph Sedley would have been taken in by her for a second. Indeed, he might have spanked her and sent her packing! Among a series of other mediocre performances we would make exceptions of Peter Bull's Joseph and George Curzon's Lord Steyne. Here at least were convincing gentlemen of the period.

A new comedy about bookmakers, *Over the Odds*, by Leslie Harcourt, was amusing at moments, but not as amusing as all that. Its chief interest lay not so much in its story of a mouse-like clerk who inherits a bookmaker's business, as in the fact that it provided a running glossary of punting terms. But why was Michael Barry chosen to produce it? It could not have been less his "cup of tea."

Plodding patiently on, we came to *Until the Morning*, a play about wartime Burma by Ian Hay and John Smyth. It could best be described as a modern-dress *Journey's End*, with the added attraction of feminine interference. There was a lot of chatter, a lot of bangs and a real plethora of worthy sentiments like "chin-jutting devotion to duty," heroic self-sacrifices and the determination to fight "to the last ditch." It was, I suppose, rattling good entertainment, and Reginald Tate, the G.O.C., was a most confidence-inspiring leader.

At the risk of being accused of critical sin by making play on the words of an unfortunately-chosen title, we must register the fact that *The Happy Sunday Afternoon*, by Frank Tilsley, gave us one of the unhappiest and dullest Sunday evenings we can remember. This play was apparently written specially for television. If this is a sample of the best that is submitted to the drama department, we can only shudder at the thought of what the rejects must be like. (Perhaps it would be better to continue the enforced policy of presenting all those old, old plays to which we have been subjected lately.) For never before have we seen such a conglomeration of meaningless scenes, or heard such witless discourse. Perhaps we had better leave it at that.

On the light entertainment side, things have not been much better. We are getting a little depressed about this branch of television. A month ago it looked as if there was a general pulling-up of socks and we gladly recorded the fact. But those socks have woefully subsided over the ankles again. Now the announcement of a revue makes one's heart sad and one's hand reach for the switch.

One grouse more, and we are done. Are all the "Historic Houses of England" going to be as dull as Penshurst Place? It could, and should be, a fascinating series. Our stately homes are the most beautiful and romantic in the world. If Producer John Read and Commentator Geoffrey Boumphrey would concentrate on these qualities, make the programme more pictorial and avoid those embarrassing informal chats, they might get somewhere.

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE

LIETA FRECKAL, the latest French "chanteuse" to cause a sensation. She refuses to become a professional singer, and insists that she is an amateur. To prove it she clings tenaciously to her telephonist job. But in the recent O.B. from Calais, and again in one of the broadcasts from Castle Bromwich, she showed that she is no amateur in artistry.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

BLANCHE THEBOM, for having no wig problems in her operatic rôles.

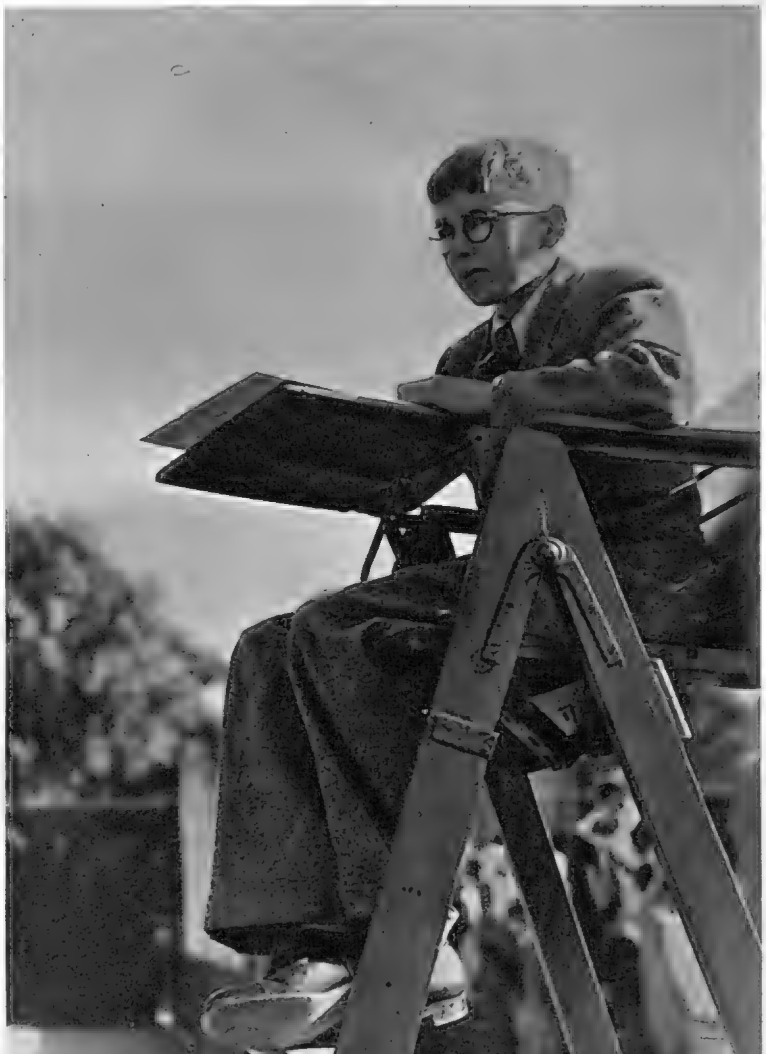
MEZZO-SOPRANO of the New York Metropolitan and San Francisco Opera Companies, Blanche Thebom has hair over 5 ft. long which she wears in fourteen different ways for her operatic rôles. It takes a pint of shampoo for the weekly wash, and a quarter of an hour each day to fix.

NORMAN CHARLTON and his *Proctor*, for being a "dark horse" in the 200-mile Battle of Britain round-the-coast air race.

A CAR dealer from Sunderland who learnt to fly for fun beat more than sixty experienced pilots in the *Daily Express* Air Race around the coast. It was Norman Charlton's first air race.

SHEILA WILKINSON and ERIC LASHBROOKE, for dancing their way in eighteen months to a world championship.

EIGHTEEN months ago at a Hammersmith ballroom, Sheila and Eric first danced together, decided their steps "matched," and started competition dancing. In Switzerland recently they were chosen World Amateur Dancing Champions. This is one of their many trophies.



Thirteen-year-old CHRISTOPHER GRENSIDE, for possessing "judgment beyond his years" at Wimbledon.

BESPECTACLED umpire at this year's Junior Wimbledon Tournaments was Christopher Grenside, whose judgment earned the praise of senior officials. At thirteen, he is still too young to compete, but not too young to control the game from the umpire's lofty seat.

. . . AND WE APPLAUD

Photographed by Roger Wood.

THE OPERA COMPANY OF LA SCALA, MILAN

For showing us how magnificently opera can be produced

THE all-too-short visit to Covent Garden of Milan's La Scala Opera Company has given London's opera-lovers a rare experience, vocally, orchestrally, dramatically. Conducting without a score, Victor de Sabata draws from the company such finesse and subtleties of sound that his audiences shake the great house with thunderous applause. There were twenty-one "curtains" on the first night for the opera *Otello*, in which the company is seen above.

★ ★ ★ AT THE

REVIEWS by C. A. LEJEUNE

"THE BLACK ROSE"—a large and rather tasteless jumble of period and idiom in which Tyrone Power, Cecile Aubry, Jack Hawkins (l. to r. above), and also Orson Welles have the chief rôles.

"THE BLACK ROSE"

I'M afraid the people who base their notions of *The Black Rose* on the posters are in for a sad disappointment. The posters are nothing if not lively. "I have swept across half the earth," they cry, "and plundered Cathay with the hordes of Kubla Khan. I have seen the Black Rose, whose name was on the lips of kings . . . and made her mine!". To support the statement, they show us a wonderful picture of Mr. Tyrone Power on a white horse, galloping off with Mlle. Cecile Aubry in his arms, pursued by camels rampant. Above all looms an enormous head of Mr. Orson Welles, exuding what looks like flames from nostrils, chin and ears.

Alas for the hopes aroused by this sensational advertisement! There are no hordes of Kubla Khan in the film, only the hordes of Mr. Welles as a Mongol, called Bayan, and rather few of them. The only sweeping across half the earth that is done takes place in a couple of fade-outs, in which Mr. Power is whisked away from Warwick Castle to the Far East and home again in the blink of an eye, without visible means of transport. As for the lady whose name is on the lips of kings, she is, as played by Mlle. Aubry, the most demure and retiring of demoiselles, who tags along with Mr. Power disguised as a second camel boy and whom he certainly never makes his within the purview of the film.

The main trouble with *The Black Rose*, produced by an American company in England and Africa, at enormous expense and with a luxurious riot of pictorial detail, is that it has never been content to provide exciting and spectacular entertainment, but seems determined to work in a message for democracy. The hero is a Saxon scholar with a bitter grudge against his Norman compatriots, and the real object of sending him all the way to China is to convince him that he ought to be an Englishman first and a Saxon second. Since Mr. Power is no more an Englishman than Mr. Welles is a Mongol, or Mlle. Aubry anything but a very charming and inexperienced little French girl, the director would have been better advised, one feels, to stick to the spectacle and leave the message alone.

★

"MISTER 880"

IF *The Black Rose* is a disappointment, *Mister 880*, produced by the same American company on its home terrain, turns out to be a charming surprise. The odd title (pronounced "Mister Eight-Eighty") refers to a number on the files of the counterfeiting department of the U.S. Secret Service, which has been bothering the experts for over ten years. Mr. 880, we are soon allowed to discover, is a kindly old German who lives in a grubby attic, with a dog called Please and a printing press affectionately named Cousin Henry. Every now and then, to finance his own simple needs, or to provide some treat for the poor neighbourhood children, he goes to Cousin Henry and counterfeits a nice new dollar bill. This he hangs up on a domestic clothes line to dry; crumples it to get the fresh look off and passes it, with a lightly reluctant sigh. As he explains when the Treasury Department finally catches up with him, he hasn't been doing anything so *very* wrong. He has been defrauding the revenue, it is true, but at the same time, he has saved the country money by refusing to take a naval pension to which he is entitled. On balance, he reckons with a good deal of logic, his modest counterfeiting activities over ten years have left the Government considerably his debtor.

The film is based on an article in *The New Yorker*, which in its turn was based on an incident from real life. The choice of subject was an inspiration, and the part a gift for that splendid old actor Edmund Gwenn. It is a joy to watch the affectionate care that Mr. Gwenn bestows on his rôle; the perfect balance between pathos and fun; the outraged honesty with which, at his trial, he rejects a false plea on the part of the defence. His shambling old gentleman is eccentric, but utterly four-square and true. You feel, as you leave the cinema, that you have added an oddity, but a valuable one, to your circle of friends.

Burt Lancaster as the Secret Service man, Millard Mitchell as his work-worn assistant, and Dorothy Maguire (bless her) as a French interpreter for U.N.O., who does her best to soften the blows that are likely to fall on the old man, are just the partners that Mr. Gwenn needs. Edmund Goulding's direction of the subject, too, is quite first-class. There is nothing overtly sensational; yet I would take a sizeable bet that one scene of *Mister 880*, at least, will remain a collector's gem. This is a sequence in which Miss Maguire, Mr. Lancaster and Mr. Millard, augmented by a passing policeman, act out an encounter in dumbshow through the plate-glass window of a shop. The encounter, designed to introduce Mr. Lancaster to Miss Maguire, is a Secret Service plant. The device of the plate-glass window gives it just the artifice that it needs. Not a word is heard and not a word is needed. This is pure movie and pure pantomime, stemming straight from the days of Chaplin and the silent screen.

FILMS IN BRIEF

"UNION STATION."—William Holden and Nancy Olson (the *Sunset Boulevard* pair) in a snappy thriller about a railway detective and a gang of kidnappers, who use the terminus as their base of operations. Sharp, hard and exciting.

"SADDLE TRAMP."—Joel McCrea and Wanda Hendrix in a very pleasant Western about a wandering cowboy who becomes the reluctant foster-father of four little boys. Discreet and effective Technicolor, and the little boys are delightful.

"TARZAN AND THE SLAVE-GIRL."—The new Tarzan, Lex Barker, moves into the dynastic circles of the jungle and rescues nine nubile young women from the designs of an ingenious though ancient tribe known as the Lionians. No swimming: lots of hearty action.

"SENZAPIETA."—One of Italy's lesser exports, well intended, sloppily executed. Carla del Poggio (*Pursuit*) and Johnny Kitzmuller (*Vivere in Pace*) in an awkwardly dubbed story about a coloured American soldier who ruins himself for the sake of a prostitute he meets in post-war Leghorn.

"MISTER 880"—a film about the U.S. Secret Service that is first-class, both in direction, by Edmund Goulding, and in acting, by Edmund Gwenn, Dorothy McGuire and Burt Lancaster (l. to r., above).

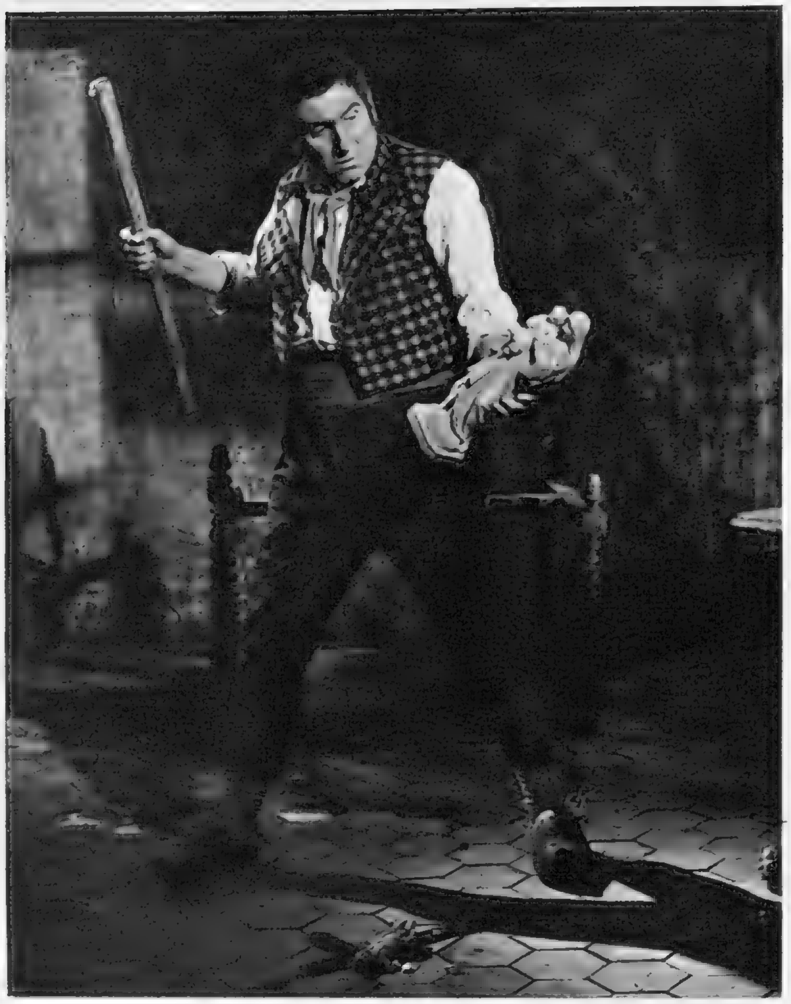
CINEMA ★ ★ ★

PREVIEWS

HEAVEN AND EARTH tells the life-story of Jean Baptiste Vianney, the Curé of Ars, who was canonised in 1925. Beginning in 1818 in the little French village of Ars, the film shows the Curé's long struggle to gain the confidence of his unhappy parishioners who had lost faith and purpose during the years following the Revolution and fall of the Empire; and his eventual success, much of which was due to the example set by his own simple and devout life and to his power of performing miracles of healing. The film, whose French title is *Le Socier du Ciel*, opens the autumn season of Continental productions to be shown at the New Gallery. The gala première takes place on October 5, at which Cardinal Griffin will be present. The proceeds of the première go to the Young Christian Workers.

On the right: A dramatic scene in which Ruffin (Alexandre Rignault) smashes up the Curé's room when he thinks the Curé is to blame for the death of his small son.

Below: Jean Baptiste Vianney, the Curé of Ars (Georges Rollin), gives advice to Paul Malray (Jean Topart), whom he healed as a small boy.



Accent on Youth

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3.

4.

IN a former convent near Heston Airport, intensive seven-week courses are given to girls training to be air hostesses. Chosen for their intelligence, personality, smart appearance, tact, enthusiasm and knowledge of languages, 25 girls between the ages of 21 and 35 are taken at a time. Here we follow 21-year-old Patricia Gaywood through some of her training activities. (1) Patricia arrives for the course. Under Catering Instructor Lawrence she learns (2) how to arrange a tray meal ; (3) to make up a sleeping berth ; (4) to avoid a spill when carrying trays along the aircraft ; (5) to heat frozen food in a special oven on the aircraft ; (6) to look after the comfort of passengers ; until at last (7) in uniform she says good-bye to Catering Instructress Mrs. Ann Parkhouse after passing out on completion of the course.

5.

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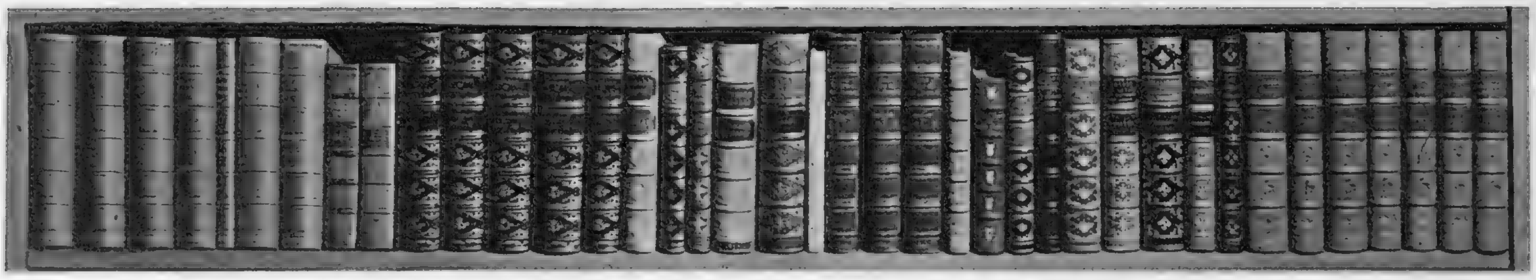


OUR BOOKSHELF

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

ROLLING DOWN THE LEA. By Oliver St. John Gogarty. (*Constable ; 15s.*)

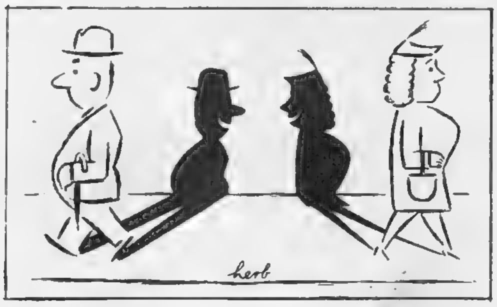
THE BARRIERS BETWEEN. By Marc Brandel. (*Eyre and Spottiswoode ; 10s. 6d.*)

JOURNEY TO SIWA. By Robin Maugham. (*Chapman and Hall ; 21s.*)

RUDOLF : THE TRAGEDY OF MAYERLING. By Count Carl Lonyay. (*Hamish Hamilton ; 15s.*)

WHAT a broth of a boy he is, this garrulous Dr. Gogarty. " Rolling " is right, for he starts on a tipsy piece of rhetorical wayfaring which takes him home to Dublin from America and packs him off to the States again. Between times he reflects inconsequently on such characters as " Bishop Berkeley, who wrote ' Westward the course of Empire takes its way,' and went his way to Rhode Island and gave his name to Berkeley, California," or the landlord of the Dolphin—" Jack Nugent is a pleasant, portly, welcoming man with a kind of chortle. When he laughs, he turns sideways, with his hand over his mouth, for his laughter ends in a fit of coughing. He often coughs without a cold. He has a retreating chin ; but he wears an open collar for emergencies so that his neck may come to its aid. Jack's mind is full of weights and dates and considerations of form. He is a hierophant in Ireland's oldest religion, which is the Cult of the Horse." He finds " the most horribly haunted house in the world," and visits Lady Gregory's house in Galway, Coole Park, where Yeats wrote some of his best poetry. He discusses James Joyce, the town of Galway, the swans on Tully Lake, that forgotten man of letters Stephen Gwynn, and anything else that occurs to him. His book is full of dialogue, quoted and actual, and when he describes a scene, or a building, or a human being, he does so with such energetic volubility that he forces his least sympathetic readers to see the thing, or the person he remembers. This is as good as its predecessors, *Going Down Sackville Street* and *Tumbling in the Hay*, and no critic need say more in praise than that.

TURNING to my next book, *The Barriers Between*, is like coming in from a walk in the wind to a stuffy and unhealthy room. Mr. Brandel has written one of those novels, popular at the moment in America, in which every action has a Freudian explanation and the conversation turns on topics like Communism and murder and perversion. " You see, when I think of Russia," says Jordan, the principal character, who spends all his time in the belief that he is a murderer, " I don't think of all the wonderful benefits the people are going to reap from their theoretical ownership of the ' means of production ' sometime in the middle of the next century. I think of all the people in Estonia and Latvia and Poland and Lithuania who were deported to concentration camps in Siberia for no reason but that they were able to read and write and think for themselves. Do you know that when Russia took over those Baltic countries, amongst the first to be rounded up were all the philatelists—the stamp collectors ? Because of their dangerous taint of internationalism, I guess." The story is of Jordan's flight from the arrest which, he supposes, must await him, and nothing could give a better idea of what it is all about than a sentence in the publishers' blurb : " In the course of his flight he met Roberta, a girl tortured by shyness and as incapable as he of facing the realities of her life. Out of the mixture of compassion and irritation which he feels on her account is born a conviction of the dignity and importance of every human being and the beginning of Jordan's personal reintegration." I found it hard to feel much sympathy for the tortures which Roberta suffered from shyness, or much admiration for Jordan's compassion and conviction. I guessed the final dénouement, and that should not have mattered in a book of this kind, but it somehow did. Mr. Brandel is described by his publishers as " young," so perhaps his too obvious devotion to Dostoievsky may be what we used to call a " phase." I hope so, because he has drive and a purposeful way of writing which might produce a good novel when he forgets Raskolnikov.



MR. ROBIN MAUGHAM has been travelling again (*Journey to Siwa*), this time to an oasis, isolated and beautiful, which was famous in ancient times for the Oracle of Jupiter Ammon. He finds strange customs and people, but there are anti-climaxes, too, as when he arrives at the house of the Mamur, the Governor of Siwa, feeling as if he were walking into a new world, only to be shown into a smartly furnished room in which four men were playing bridge. " It was like expecting Samarkand and finding Marks and Spencers," he reflects. There were mysteries and oddities enough among the Siwanis themselves, though, and Mr. Maugham's description of their wild and fiery dancing lacks nothing in unhallowed detail. But ought he so calmly to leave the task of landscape and architectural description to the brilliant photographer, Mr. Dimitri Papadimou, whose plates illustrate this handsome quarto volume ? " Taki's photographs, which give a better impression than any words of mine can do, spare me the hard business of describing our first impression of Siwa." Why should he consider himself " spared " ? Surely a writer who sets out to describe a city and its people should not hide behind a photographer's lens, particularly since his occasional flashes of description can be so telling and graphic. He is at his best when he is recalling the exploits of William George Brown, the first European to reach Siwa since Roman times, or when, on his way to Siwa, he ironically and movingly describes a visit to El Alamein. The whole book quickens interest in this writer, but does not do as much as one hoped to satisfy it.

LASTLY, instead of the usual murder mystery, with a popular detective working to unmask a modern slayer, here is a historical murder and suicide studied, described and explained as thoroughly as if a whole committee of experts had sat. The story of Mayerling, the hunting lodge in which the Crown Prince of Austria was found dead beside his dead mistress one morning in 1889, has long titillated those who love royal love-stories and mysteries, who put their trust in princes as the protagonists of the most alluring fairy tales. Count Carl Lonyay does a very creditable and a very necessary piece of debunking, and shows that Rudolf was by no means the handsome and charming young man who died rather than give up the girl he loved, but a melancholy neurotic who had spent the night before his suicide with yet another woman. His partner in suicide was a pathetically snobbish young person called Marie Vetsera who, it appears, preferred death with a prince and burial at his side to life without him. She was not by any means the first person to be invited by Rudolf to join him in a death pact, the others, including one of his aides, having respectfully declined. Count Carl Lonyay is to be congratulated on his well-documented and entirely logical study of the causes, both psychological and factual, of the tragedy which, at the end of his book, seems so little tragic.

" WITH BEST WISHES "

IT is by no means too early to think of Christmas presents, especially for friends overseas, and those in search of a gift a little out of the ordinary will find that a year's subscription to *The Sketch* will be very much appreciated.

Each fortnight as the new copy arrives the recipient will be reminded afresh of the kind thought and good wishes of the friend at home in Britain.

Orders for subscriptions for *The Sketch* to be sent overseas can now be taken. They should be addressed : The Subscription Department, *The Sketch*, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, together with the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent, and enclosing the price of the subscription—Canada : £2 7s. 6d. ; elsewhere abroad : £2 10s.

THE ART OF A THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD

BETWEEN the ages of nine to thirteen Margaret Baker made these brilliant sketches. They are quite untouched for reproduction, and show a talent astonishing in so young a child. She started drawing when she was only three. Her skilful and graceful line displays a remarkable grasp of the principles of anatomy and perspective. The group of Salukis, top-centre, entitled *Eagerness in Triplicate*, won this year's Royal Drawing Society's Children's Gold Medal. The drawings are taken from *The Sketch Book of Margaret Baker, Aged* 13, just published by Britannicus Liber Limited, which contains many more examples of her spirited work, and her own description of each sketch.

Autumn Stand-bys

by Elizabeth Penrose

ADD a new wool dress to your Autumn wardrobe. Here are five chosen from the newest crop just finding their way into the shops. *Above*, a jumper suit by MARCUS in tomato and green check jersey, with knitted sleeves and turned-back basque. About £19 10s. from Liberty, Regent Street ; McDonalds, Glasgow.

On the opposite page, *top left*, a jersey dress by JAEGER with clean, uncluttered lines to give you free play with pearls, scarves or chunky jewellery. In dark lavender or other colours, £5 3s. from Jaeger shops everywhere.

Top right, tailored button-thro' dress in grey worsted flannel by Ian MEREDITH with distinctive hip pockets and "dog leash" belt. About £14 from Selfridge, Oxford Street ; Bacon of Liverpool.

Bottom left, a young dress in boldly checked wool by BRILKIE. Bracelet-length sleeves, and pretty flared skirt. £4 from D. H. Evans, Oxford Street ; Bobby's of Folkestone.

Bottom right, jersey dress by JAEGER, with ribbing in the drawstring waist, neckline and cuffs. £5 3s. from all Jaeger shops.

SCREEN.—Edmund Gwenn, as a lovable old rascal of a counterfeiter in *Mister 880.* After years of stuffy work in Hollywood, a part at last.

C. A. Lejeune

LITERATURE.—Dr. Oliver St. John Gogarty, for the contentious and wordy irresponsibility of his *Rolling Down the Lea.*

CHOICE OF THE MONTH

Selected by our Panel of Experts

RADIO.—Fred Hoyle, who makes [the universe interesting (if not plausible) to earth-dwellers, with simple language and a friendly voice.

Frederick Laws

STAGE.—Robertson Hare: For the way in which he allows his cup of bitterness to be stirred with the sword of Damocles—he says so himself—in the new Strand Theatre farce, *Will Any Gentleman?*

J. C. Trewin

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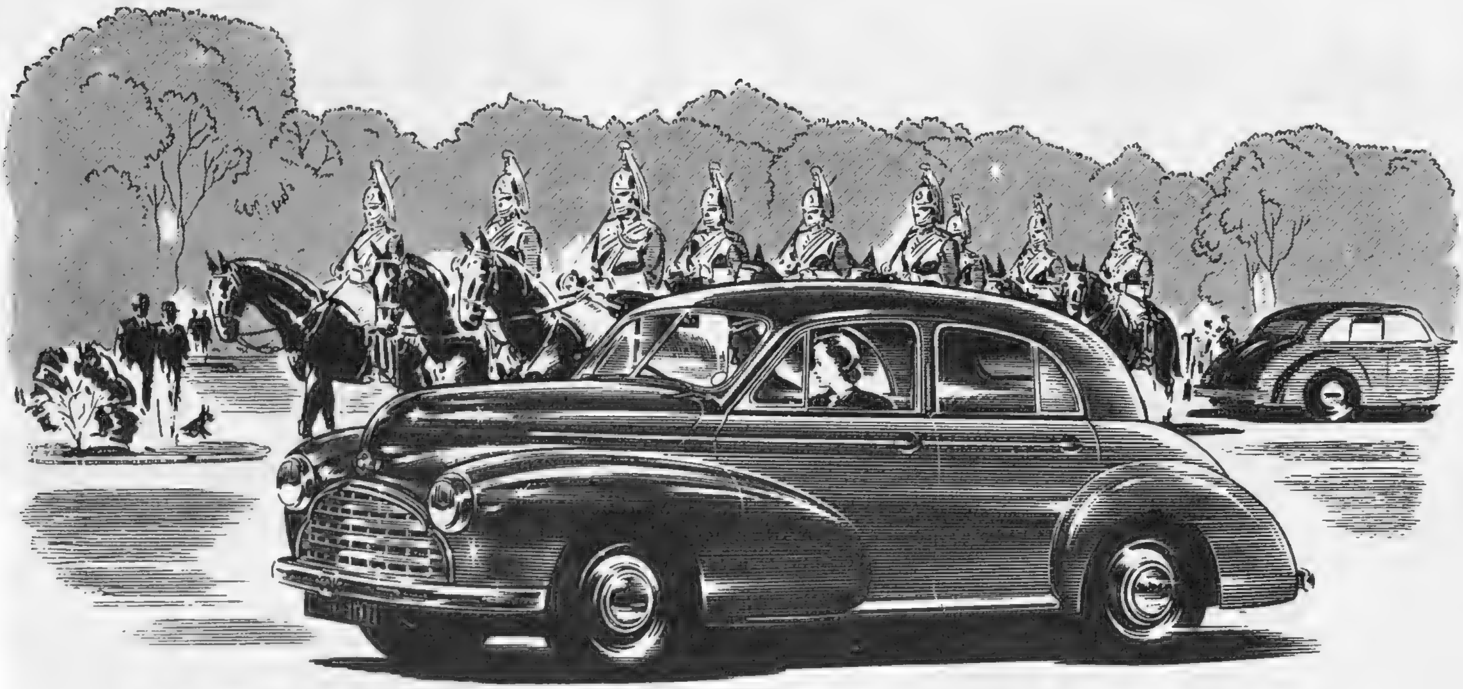

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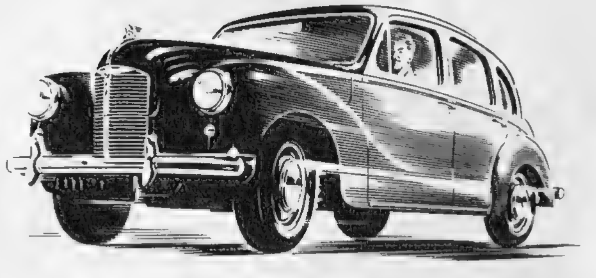

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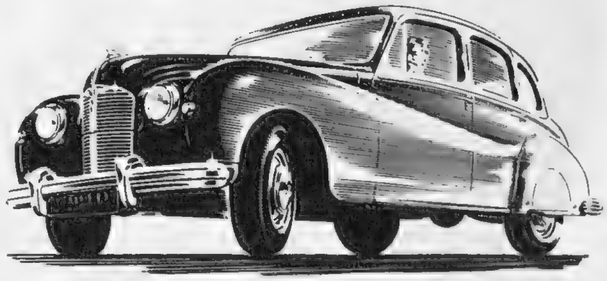

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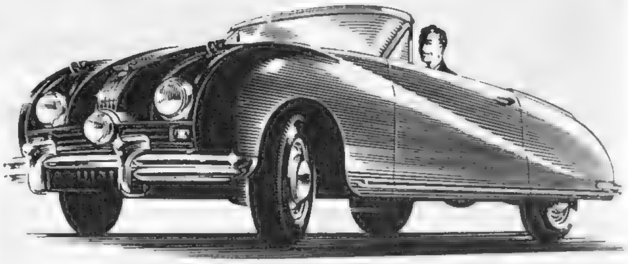

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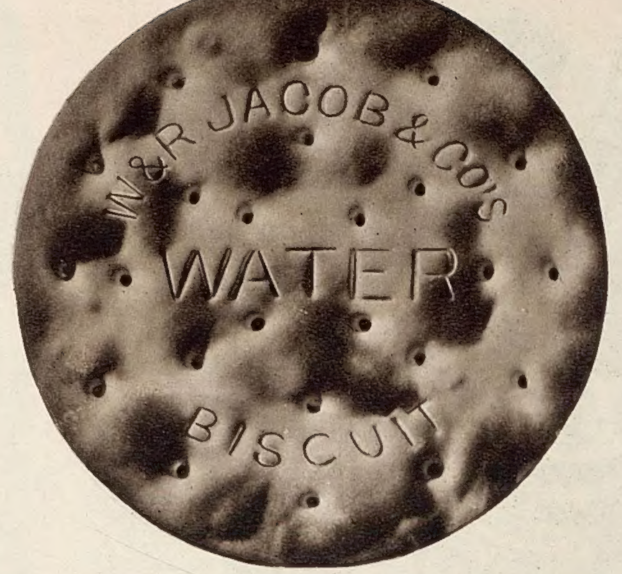

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Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Fortnightly at the Office, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. Wednesday, September 27, 1950. Re-entered as Second-Class Matter, August 15, 1941, at the Post Office at New York (N.Y.), under the Act of March 3, 1879.
Postage Rates :—Inland 2d. Canada 1½d. Elsewhere Abroad 2½d.